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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Circuit Judge,
HON. CHARLES A. HARDIN,
of Mercer County

The Circuit Court has decided in the old Stanford Male and Female College belongs to the Public Schools of the county. The County High School is thus provided a home, and the Graded School saved the necessity of erecting additional buildings, which otherwise would have been necessary.

We have one of the best schools in the State, one of the grandest Courthouses in Kentucky. Stanford has outgrown the primitive period when all that was needed was a single street stretched out parallel to the creek that the women might be close to wash water. We now need more streets, first that we may have ready means of access to schools, churches, places of business and in the second place there is a present demand for building sites, and new streets must be opened, for without them no such sites are available. The town can be greatly improved in the compactness of its shape, the convenience of its people and in the value of properties by the opening of two short streets which would cost the town but a song. The extension of the street from what is now the Stone property across to Danville street in front of the Alcorn property, and the opening of a street from the Daugherty blacksmith shop on Main street, along and over the line of the school property, across the railroad in front of the new Baughman warehouse and continuing to a point of intersection with the proposed extended street, would be an improvement which would shorten the distance to school for half the children in town. It would furnish easy needed means of communication with the different sections of town. It would open up some of the most desirable building lots in town. It would put mechanics, carpenters and laboring men to work. It would mean new life to the city.

Gentlemen of the City Council wake up.

Every democratic county convention in the Second Railroad District, which meets next Monday, ought to instruct its delegates to the district convention to vote against Billy Klair for the nomination for Railroad Commissioner. No worse blow could be struck the democracy of the State in the present campaign than to nominate this boisterous and saloonkeeper of Lexington for the office to which he aspires. The Georgetown News in its current issues publishes a lengthy editorial showing that Klair has been indicted 12 times for flagrant violations of the law in Lexington. Every democrat who loves his party and the people should see to it that this man is not foisted upon us next Wednesday. His nomination will certainly mean the election of another republican on the Railroad Commission from this district.

We want to elect as a Lieut. Governor a man who will not make a joke in his appointment of the Committee on Religion and Morals.—Elizabethtown News.

THE WET INTERESTS IN POLITICS.

(Elizabethtown News.)

The question of the extension of the county unit is not a matter of vital importance to the Democratic party of Kentucky. There are many anti-saloon Democrats who doubt both its wisdom and expediency, but the domination of the Democratic party by the "wet" interests in order to prevent the adoption of the county unit, is a matter of paramount concern to the party. These interests, formed by a combination of brewers, distillers and wholesale liquor dealers, believe in the rule or ruin policy. Their Democratic convictions do not extend beyond the interest of the still and hot tub. They are in the Democratic party to control it, if they can, and failing in that, to defeat it. They are directly responsible for the defeat of the last democratic state ticket and the election of Augustus E. Wilson and his associates. They are also responsible for the election of W. O. Bradley, a Republican United States Senator by a Democratic legislature, with methods that are as harmful as those brought to light in the Lorimer investigation in Illinois.

If there is a Democratic convention to make a platform this year, they will seek to control it in every possible way, but if they fail and the County Unit is endorsed in the platform, they will put the treacherous knife into the vital of the party again and seek in every possible way to encompass its defeat. They do not abide by any party action, unless the party accepts their position on the saloon question. No "dry" candidate for either the Senate or the House of Representatives dare offer himself

for office that these "wet" interests do not conspire to defeat him. If it is impossible to bring about his defeat in party action, they turn their influence to defeat him after he is nominated. They have, by party convictions beyond the saloonhouse and are political guerrillas fighting to the death every aspirant for office who does not bow down and accept orders from them.

At two recent meetings of the State Central Committee these interests have been much in evidence and it has been conclusively shown that the committee majority no longer represents the welfare and success of the Democratic party but is under the domination and control of the whisky and beer interests to carry out its orders even at the expense of the party's success. They have erected their altar to fiscal, consisting of a whisky barrel and a beer keg and those who who ask office and fail to do obsequence to them are marked for slaughter.

Two years ago these people supported McCrory for United States Senator, not that they loved McCrory, but because his opponent, J. C. W. Beckham, dared to declare for the county unit. Today, because Beckham happens to be for McCrory and for no other reason, these are the people who have chiefly been behind all opposition in the party to McCrory's nomination and are now lending aid and help to Addams whom they have persuaded to believe that he has a chance to be nominated.

We are reasonably indifferent to either the defeat of the adoption of the county unit measure but we are keenly alive and deeply interested in the success of the Democratic party, which means infinitely more to the welfare and advancement of Kentucky than whether a certain number of saloons shall be put out of business, or continued in business. We are confident that our position is shared by hosts of Democrats who vote either "dry" or "wet" and by some loyal Democrats engaged in the manufacture of liquor. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," and the policy of the liquor and beer combine is digging its own grave and it persisted in will destroy the very interests it seeks to conserve.

For many years the Louisville and Nashville railroad occupied in Kentucky the position which the "wet" interests conspire to fill. It had control of the Democratic organization in the state when its nominations were equivalent to election. It defeated hosts of fine men who would not wear its collar. The L. & N. had both more brains and character behind it than the beer and liquor crowd but its rule became so distasteful to the party that it was thrown off and repudiated. During all this period the L. & N. had to fight at each session of the legislature many measures which struck at its very vitals. Ten years ago the L. & N. saw the mistake of this policy and withdrew from an active participation in politics and trusted to the wisdom of the people to give it a square deal. It has gotten it and the best of treatment and perfect fairness since it has adopted this policy. What was a wise course for the L. & N. to pursue, and the only course which saved it from unfair and hostile legislation, we commend to the "wet" interests before it is too late. If the people are trusted to deal fairly and justly with any interest, history has demonstrated that the trust has never been misplaced. If the great Democratic party would not submit to the dictation to this greatest organization, with more brains and character behind it than any in the State, we can be very sure that it will not tolerate the hydra-head of bossism that has been raised by the combined liquor interests. They may succeed in defeating the Democratic party if it refuses to do its bidding but it will be the Samson act and they will be forever buried under the defeat that they bring about. There are tens of thousands of Democrats, who are now honestly opposed to the extension of the County Unit, who will not submit to the domination of the Democratic party by the brewers and distillers. No interest is big enough to control the Democratic party and any interest which attempts it marks its own ruin, and courts its own destruction.

Free for Stomach and Bowels

We are in receipt of letters from Mrs. Eva Gaskins, 304 Madison St., Topeka, Kans., and Mr. P. H. Gavelas, Wagoner, Okla., as well as many others, telling about the wonderful results they have secured in the cure of their stomach and liver troubles by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

This remedy, as all readers doubtless know, has been before the public for a generation and is now being extensively used than any other remedy for stomach, liver and bowel complaints. According to reliable testimony, it seems to be a very quick and lasting cure for constipation, indigestion and dyspepsia, liver trouble, biliousness, headache, sour stomach, gas on the stomach, drowsiness after eating and similar disorders. It is a liquid with tonic effect, cast no mild and gentle in action that a child as well as a grown person can take it. In fact, it is as equal for children, women and old people.

It arouses the flow of gastric juice, and by a peculiar action trains the stomach and bowel muscles to again do their work naturally, and in time medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with. A free sample bottle can be had for trial by sending your address to the doctor, for in this way Mrs. Gaskins, Mr. Gavelas and many others first learned of the cure. Later, when satisfied it is the remedy you need, do as others are doing and buy it of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle.

Dr. Caldwell does not feel that the purchase of his remedy ends his obligation. He has specialized in stomach, liver and bowel diseases for over forty years and will be pleased to give the freer any advice on the subject free of charge. All are welcome to write him. Whether for the medical advice or the free sample address him Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 611 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



Novelized by
FREDERICK R.
TOOMBS
From the Great
Play
by PAUL
ARMSTRONG

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Association

VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

Continued from last week
Valentine and Avery laughed in their superior knowledge.

"No, no," protested Valentine, "this photograph proves I was at a banquet in St. Paul. I'll beat Doyle and I'll make him like it."

"You can't," was Avery's pessimistic comment.

"You said we couldn't go square, any of us, and we all have," was Valentine's rejoinder. "And if we can beat the thing inside of us that calls we can beat one man that hunts."

A clerk knocked at the door and entered to ascertain if he should now bring in a trayful of cash which Valentine was to count. He was ordered to do so at once, and Avery's face became a study as the young man soon re-entered with a tray on which new banknotes of large denominations were piled among glistening rows of gold coin.

"Great snakes, what a chance!" exclaimed the one time thief, looking from Valentine to the watchman. "This is no place for me. Oh, just for one grab and the quick getaway!" He mopped his wrinkled brow. "I'm sweating like a polar bear on the Fourth of July."

"Haven't got it out of your blood yet, eh?" asked Valentine.

"Not the craving for real money. I learned to let the wheat in the grain elevator alone after a month or two, but coarse money like that—wow!" The old man stared fascinated at the enticing tray.

"Well, we watched each other for awhile," commented Red, pointing to his chief.

"And ain't neither of you ever snatched even one bundle?" asked Avery incredulously.

"No."

"Well, you better get me out of here. I'm going to have lockjaw in both hands in a minute." He reached for his hat and stick.

"No, you're not," put in Valentine.

"Come on, Red," he said, walking to the vault room door. "I'm going to prove to Bill that he's honest. He's going to watch that money till we come back."

Avery cried out in protest, but Red followed his superior, and the time worn thief, who had confessed to his friends the weakness that he well knew yet lurked within him, was left alone in the banking office before a tray containing \$63,000 in cash. With reach was the door leading into the open hallway through which it was but a few seconds' dash to the busy street, where a man would immediately be lost to view in the passing throng.

"It's a dirty trick," muttered the old man, starting after the others. A shaft of yellow light reflected from one of the golden coins caught his eye, drove into his very brain, into the thin red blood that coursed through his hardening veins. He stopped. He turned full around and slowly, with hands eagerly outstretched, tiptoed back to the table bearing the precious burden. His brows narrowed down over his pale gray eyes, his fingers, long talons in their curved fixedness, began to nervously twitch. Then Avery jerked himself away of a sudden. He straightened himself up and started toward the vault room door to summon Valentine. But even as he did so his glance roved back to the alluring tray. He was drawn to it as the nervous rabbit that succumbs to the insidious charm of the oscillating head of the hungry python.

He stepped to the tray. He seized two packages of hundred dollar bills, thrust them into his pockets, then clutched two more. The fever had him. His eyes shone with the fire of gone days and gone nights. His poisoned blood sang through his veins. Then he stopped once more. He raised his head.

"And have the coppers after me

again," he murmured thoughtfully. He laid down a package. "And 'double cross' a pal that put me straight. Not me, not me!" He replaced the remainder of the money. "And coin that comes crooked never was any good."

Avery stood before the tray of money. Now he looked at the tempting fortune with the sure knowledge that he had conquered—that he had faced his greatest test and had not been found wanting.

The thought of how narrowly he had escaped committing the meanest crime of his career came over him, and he realized that he had been on the verge of plunging himself into the death dealing life from which Valentine had rescued him. Ungovernable rage possessed him at his insane lapse into the self that he had cast from him. He swung his fist at the neatly stacked piles of gold pieces.

"Curse you, curse you!" he cried in frenzy. The tray and its contents crashed to the floor and the money scattered in all directions.

Valentine and Red, hearing the noise, came rushing in from the vault room. They saw the floor littered with banknotes and coins. And crouching forlornly in a chair was the figure of old Bill Avery. His hands were pressed over his eyes, and he sobbed in the agony that gripped the soul which had been restored to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

"TOOK—some of—that money," Avery finally managed to say as he saw his two friends before him.

"And you put it back," smiled Valentine. "The minute you touched it you found you couldn't."

"That's it," put in Avery eagerly as he arose and proceeded to aid Red in restoring the scattered money to its place. "I couldn't take it then. Now I can go out of here and know that I'll never steal again."

"You mustn't go until Doyle comes in, for he might see you on the street," warned Valentine. "When he comes you can go out through the vault room and make your getaway while I stall him here."

In talking with Avery, Jimmy Valentine unconsciously fell into the use of the vernacular of his early vocation.

With a parting handshake Avery went out into the vault room, where Red was to exhibit to him the big new safe. The assistant cashier, now that the tray of money had been replaced on the table, picked up the photograph, hung it in the place of another affixed to the wall at the right of his desk and inspected it with pronounced satisfaction.

The hall door opened, and Rose Lane came into the office. The girl was in a peculiar mood that day—there was no denying it. Valentine had always found his benefactor, young though she was, particularly difficult to fathom, and today she was more baffling than ever. She talked at length regarding her plans for the children's Christmas celebration, and, standing before his desk, while he stood behind it, she said, "And I want to know what you want for Christmas?"

"Is there anything I could want?" he answered in low tones. "Think of what you and two short years have done for me."

"And there's never anything more you want? Don't you ever dream—dreams of, say, two years more?" She turned her eyes to the floor.

"Oh, yes, to go on as I've been going these last two, since your father gave me a position of trust, and make everything good and pile up the money for you."

She drew away from him. "Haven't you ever thought there might be something I want more than money?"

Valentine hesitated. His voice became intensely serious.

"I don't let myself think of you only

as your employee," he finally answered.

Rose turned sideways to him, so that he could not see her face as she delivered her next question, although she would have given much to have been able to watch the expression of the assistant cashier—her assistant cashier—as she asked it.

"But," she ventured, "you must have thought that I would marry some day."

Silence, with Valentine fumbling in embarrassment a pencil which lay upon his desk.

"Yes—I," he began, but Rose continued his sentence for him.

"And it hurts you to think of it, doesn't it? Say it."

"Yes—"

"Go on."

He could endure the situation no longer. The girl had penetrated his very soul with her questions, had uncovered in Jimmy Valentine the secrets of his new life—the secrets which he had resolved to keep buried forever. But now he must speak. He must tell her the truth about his situation as regarded her—part of the truth, at least.

"And the thought of you brings darkness, desolation," he said, keeping a firm grip on the emotions that threatened to unnerve him. "What is the use? You're all there is to live for—to just see you now and then. You're all there is to life. Men have loved and slaves have loved and animals that have been saved have loved, but never were the three loves fused in one. And you're good, and your life is clean, while mine—but you know all that." He inclined his face from her.

"I have forgotten," she said simply.

"You cannot. And any day the shadow of other days may fall. But I want you to know this and believe it as your God—my love for you is a holy thing, sacred and deathless." Valentine was looking earnestly into her eyes now. His hand was resting on the desk. She seized it in hers and drew him toward her.

"Take me in your arms, Lee," she cried fervently. "I love you. I'll love you till—" Her face was upraised to his as she clung to him. He held her



HE KISSED HER AGAIN AND AGAIN.

In his arms and kissed her again and again. "How I have longed for you—years—years—" Her words were smothered in his kisses.

"There is no end to the happiness you bring," murmured Valentine at the first moment he thought he could spare his lips for conversational purposes.

"Oh," exclaimed Rose, drawing away at arm's length temporarily. "I want to tell you something, Lee. something I've known for years and years—we are going to marry."

He caught her into his arms once more.

"I love you. It will never end," he whispered fondly.

The telephone bell rang at his desk. As he released her and placed the receiver at his ear she encircled his neck in her arms and kissed him. "Hello!" he called. As the response came she felt a tremor run through him. Haggardness came into his eyes. He seemed almost to forget her presence.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "I'll see the gentleman in a few minutes."

He hung up the receiver. "God," he groaned. "Doyle!"

Valentine turned toward the girl, who surveyed him anxiously.

"What is it?" she asked. She saw that he was deeply worried.

"I don't know," he stammered, "but it is most important—most important." "Well, I'll run downstairs; the car is waiting," she said happily. "Then I'll come back and get you and dad and take you home."

His face had taken on the pallor that marked the visages of men who come from Warden Handler's game of solitaire.

"Yes, but should this man have business which would take me out of town?"

"But you mustn't go out of town—now hear me." She, of course, had not the slightest suspicion of the true importance of that telephone call.

"I won't if there's a way out."

"Well, just don't—just don't," pleaded Rose. "I am going to leave the children here to take care of you."

"Rose," he cried, going to her, "Rose, it was chance that brought us together; it was chance that brought you to a prison one day. Chance is uncertain, capricious, and that same chance may separate us suddenly."

"I don't let myself think of you only

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